The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home

VOL. III. (New Series.) No. 3. MARCH, 1905. PRICE ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
	A Farewell. Poem	33
	The Holy City. Sermon. Rev. J. Worsley Austin, M.A.	33
1.	Sunday School Lessons, IV.	36
2.	O King of Glory Bright	38
5.	Brightening the Villages	38
6.	Our Hymn Writers, VIII.	40
7.	Notes of Guild Addresses	42
8.	Jowett on "Old Age"	43
9.	The Distant Home	44
10.	Notes and Jottings	44
11.	We would see Jesus	45
12.	Astronomical Notes for March	47
13.	Guild News	47
14.	News from the Field	47

A Farewell.

"Good-night—and Good-bye!"—
How quickly t'was said!
Thus quickly we die,
Now living, now dead!
There ended the story;
The death-blow was given;
There faded the glory
From earth and from heaven.

Good-night and Good-bye!
Nevermore shall we stand
With eye meeting eye,
With hand clasping hand.
Nevermore will your thought
Leap swiftly to mine
In a word, a glance, fraught
With meaning divine.

Good-night and Good-bye
To the hopes and the fears;
Before me there lie
Long passionless years.
Nevermore will my heart
Leap high in its joy,
Nor a chance-driven dart
All gladness destroy.

Good-night and Good-bye,
Till the darkness be past,
And the heart's weary cry
Be silenced at last.
In patience I wait
The advent of dawn;
Or sooner or late
Joy comes with the Morn.

JESSIE LEETE.

The Holy City.

SERMON BY THE REV. J. WORSLEY AUSTIN, M.A.

"And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God."

MOST people whose fortune it is to dwell in a large town hail with delight the opportunity of a change to country life, for a season at least. To get clear from the smoke and dust of the city, from its ceaseless traffic and babel cries, to break away from the daily routine, the life of toil and care, and to come for a short time into more intimate communion with our great Mother Nature, with her infinite peace and beauty and variety that never stales; this we easily recognise as one of the essentials of our being, if we are to live our best.

And it is not generally with exulting steps that one wends his way back to the familiar haunts, and takes up again the broken thread of his tasks. The country lays a spell upon us, and many a sigh goes up from the thronged pathways of the city, as the mind recalls the joys of mountain, lake, or sea.

And yet there is a good deal to be said for this all exacting city life. The poet Longfellow gave it as his opinion that a man needed the inspiration of both town and country if he is going to realise the best that is in him. It is

a significant statement, especially as coming from a poet; but a little thought would seem to show the justice of it. The good influence of town life is something we rarely extol or congratulate ourselves upon, yet it is worth taking the measure of.

There have been and are those who seem to possess an initial inability to perceive it—generally men of strong anti-social tendencies, individualistic lovers of nature at the expense of human nature. Such a one was Theseau. To him a month in Walden Woods was educational, a month in a large town like Boston demoralising. Cowper this side the Atlantic had a similar vein highly developed, and I suppose his much-quoted lines will be quoted for wisdom as long as the language is spoken.

"God made the country, and man made the town:
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves."

We must however agree, I think, that this is one-sided. Were it the expression of literal truth we should expect to find the inhabitants of country districts a race far superior in virtue, intellectual acumen and spiritual strength to the denizens of the town—a thesis that no man, I believe, could successfully maintain.

But it is certainly true that in all great cities we do breed one-sidedness of the opposite kind. Faculties long disused degenerate like everything else, and there are no doubt vast numbers of men and women in all larger cities who have become unæsthetic as regards the higher impressions of Nature.

I am not, however, concerned with the bad influences of city life this morning. Many of them are very obvious, and are continually drawing out the best endeavours of the community to combat them. But I want to try to show how in this intenser, more exalting, more strenuous life that we lead in the thronged community, a great educative influence is brought to bear upon us, and which naturally supplements the educative influences of Nature herself.

If we wish to sum up that influence and give it one general name, we cannot do better than speak of it as the influence of human nature. There are the two great forces that touch the individual spirit to mould it and inspire it—Nature on the one hand, on the other, human nature. We are normally, by our very constitution social beings. That was a dictum of Aristotle, and it expresses an unequivocal fact. Man cannot live by himself alone, nor for himself alone. The life even of the most individualistic is interwoven with that of his race, and is completely dependent upon it. The most original and creative mind cannot disown this dependence. He is not a brilliant disconnected star wandering through space, a law unto himself alone, but is bound up with the system, and reflects in all his movements its controlling power. There is a sense indeed in which it may be said that the more original and creative a mind is the more dependent it proves itself to be on the general life. For in order to produce more it has inevitably received more—has become a more perfect channel through which accumulating human thought, sentiment, experience has found unified expression. That sentence of Emerson's is worth pondering: "I can find Greece, Asia, Italy, Spain, and the Islands—the genius and creative principle of each and all eras in my own mind."

It is because of this dependence, because the individual without the race is nothing, and can become nothing, that everything that brings men together, that brings the individual into closer connection with his kindred, with all the good and with all the bad in them, supplies one of the great conditions of human development. This is not the conscious object that leads men to some common spot or centre where they multiply and found the city. This end is hidden away, but in time it is revealed for all that. The lure is some more earthly prize—the advantages of commerce, the dream of wealth, the prize of greater harvests than is yielded by the orchard and the field. But the development, unsought, yet inevitable, ensues. Through the intenser life, through the traffic and the friction through interchange of thought, the appeal to human sympathies, the multiplying of experiences, the mind of man is quickened. Arts and sciences are built

up, the refinements of life are multiplied, its humanities enlarged, and all that we mean by civilisation strides forward.

Thus it is that in glancing over the past we find that the greatest nations, those whose culture has been most pronounced, and which have influenced the world most largely, have been nations which have come to possess, through various causes, great cities. Often indeed the growth of the nation is seen to go step by step with the growth of some principle city. Thus Chaldaea rose with the growth of Babylon, and its culture has, in the words of Professor Sayce, left enduring impression "in Western Asia and the world." The rise of Egyptian civilisation is synchronous with the rise of the cities of Memphis and Thebes—the Greecian with the rise of Athens—and when we think of the Roman, who imagines that there would have been any extraordinary Latin delevopment had it not been for the circumstances that brought into being the great city on the Tiber.

It seems thus to be a law of national growth, and hence a law of racial growth, that there should be these centres of intenser life. This is one of the prime conditions of human development. And we shall probably not be far wrong in construing this individually, and in saying that the normal human being, to bring out what is best in him, needs not only to attune his heart to Nature, but to participate also to some extent in this vaster human life as it seethes and throbs at its centres.

But it is not always easy to gaze out with broad, impartial glance on the rush and the strife of the modern city, or to justly estimate the educational value of these conditions. Its evil productions are so glaring, so obtrusive. It is easier for many to see with Cowper when he says that to the cities flow

The dregs and feculence of every land.
In cities foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pampered cities sloth and lust,
And wantonness and gluttonous excess.
In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there.

This is exaggerated no doubt, but it refers to facts patent to all. The conditions under which advance is possible are conditions under which retrogression is possible too. It is always so. Life's road is never straight and smooth, but rough and forked. And at the very points where the way seems to lead off most directly to the land of promise we find the junction of those dangerous but alluring paths, to follow which means decline and destruction.

And so here, if in these concentrated communities in which the individual is brought into closest connection with his kind, we have one of the great conditions of human growth, we have here also the circumstances under which degeneration and decay are most speedily brought about. The past is again our teacher here—for where is Babylon now and the great Nineveh, and greater than all Rome? And what made their ascending stars stop so suddenly in their course and then turn backward and vanish like a meteor as it falls to earth?

In these spectacles of fading grandeur some have seen but another argument against the influences of city life. They really but emphasise the long-discovered truth that the conditions of good are always also the conditions of bad. The soil that best produces flowers and fruit will also best produce weeds.

And so as regards the city. Where can you find denser ignorance? And yet here is the home of knowledge. And its conditions are necessary for the growth of knowledge—the bringing of men together, the contact of mind with mind, the exchange of ideas, the quick diffusion of individual thought and discovery, the corrective influence of discussion and criticism in common. Where can you find greater insensibility to all life's requirements than in some spots of the city, or in some dwellings where even the first and simplest law of cleanliness is not acknowledged. And yet here is the home of culture. For without this drawing together of human lives, and the communication of experiences thus facilitated, not an art can flourish.

Or again, where can you find greater barbarities than those of which the city paper only too often tells the tale. And yet here is the true home of the humanities—where the claim of man is displayed most insistantly and felt most keenly—where the larger life and all its needs

presses upon the individual life, and awakens its nobler impulses and broader sympathies.

I think this point of view—sketched only in rough outline I know—is the one in accord with the best sentiment to-day. The city to-day presents its countless problems and issues a perpetual challenge to our energies. If these problems are going to awaken our interest, if our energy is going to respond to that challenge, it will be because we believe in the city—believe in it as a form of life intrinsically good, intrinsically essential to human progress, though open in endless ways to perversion. It will be because we believe that the influences at work here are as necessary to the upbuilding of humanity in all its noblest and best aspects, as those influences that touch us when we wander in the fields and groves. We give our strength only to what we believe in. And the best strength is given to-day to purify, improve, adorn these centres of our life, by those who have realised, not merely the personal advantages, the pleasures, the wealth that may be gained therefrom, but in its deepest sense the worth of the spiritual elements they add to our being. He who has once grasped that will never again turn his back on the city or regard it as a necessary evil, or a mere mart in which it is for him to gain as much and lose as little as he can. Amidst all its evil he will catch the gleam of possible good; beneath all its sordidness, its vanities, its grime and selfishness, he will perceive that which is sterling and fair. Through the noise of its traffic, the rush of its hurrying crowds, the harsh cry of its streets, a strain of music low and sweet will find its way to his listening ear. And with dreams of greater good awakening in his heart, with vaster sympathies thrilling into life, with energies that strain to give rather than receive, to spend themselves for the general welfare, rather than for his own, he will be himself the proof of what high virtue and worth the city influence holds.

The Apostle John, or whoever it was who wrote the Apocalypse, dreamt a great dream of good, in which heaven and earth were formed anew. And a mighty voice called to him that at length the tabernacle of God was with men, and there should be no more tears, nor death, nor mourning, nor pain. And in his vision one feature stood prominently forth—a city, his own city, Jerusalem, the centre and focus of all Jewish aspiration, not swept away from a regenerate earth, but retaining its prominent place still, only now purified, sanctified, the meet abode of the most High and of his redeemed.

It was not mere dreaming this, but the call of a noble ideal. And into many a heart since a similar ideal has stolen—the ideal of a regenerate, sanctified city, and to some it has seemed like a new Jerusalem, to others like a new Florence, to others a new Paris, to others a new London, or a new Birmingham. And it is he who has seen something of that ideal, perceived something of its glory and its beauty, who takes up the true attitude to the city to-day, who scorns it not, but knowing its greatness, gives of his energy to brighten, to uplift, to adorn.

Sunday School Lessons.

IV.

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

LESSON TEXT.—"I am come not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."—*John vi.*, 38.

Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the Temple's gate.
A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do Thy will.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

I. THE NARRATIVE.

Luke (chapter ii. 41-52) is the only one who narrates the scene in the temple. The incident has been used by artists, poets, preachers, and teachers. It is the one glimpse we have of Jesus as he passes on from infancy to the time when, fully prepared, he begins his brief ministry. We are told that at the age of twelve Jesus with his parents went from Nazareth to Jerusalem, to observe the feast of the passover,—the first time he had been permitted to go. For a week they remained in the city. On the return Jesus was missed. Searching for him among the pilgrim company, he could not be found. Joseph and Mary journeyed back: and, after inquiries many,

he was traced to the Temple. Mary said to him: "We have sought you with sorrowing and fear. Why have you so dealt with us?" Jesus answered, "Wist ye not that I must be in my heavenly Father's house?" The doctors and stribes were surprised at his insight and understanding. His parents did not seem to comprehend Jesus, though his mother kept these sayings in her heart. He returned to Nazareth, the record continues, and was subject to parental authority.

II. Its Historical Worth.

The question is often asked, "Is this story true?" We believe that it is. Keim, an author not given to ready acceptance of traditions, has expressed the same conviction in strong language. He says: "This fine, tender picture, in which neither truth to nature nor the beauty which it implies, is violated in a single line, in which youthful strivings, in their truth and error alike, are drawn with such depth of meaning, cannot have been devised by human hands, but only by true history. "Even the very cautious "Bible for Learners" says, "No one can say this story is impossible." To us the event is just what we might expect from Jesus, who was early aware within himself of the place where he longed to be, and of the work he wished to do.

III. The Passover.

Of the three great feasts, the passover was chief. It celebrated that time in foreign bondage when the Lord caused the first-born of the Egyptians to die, but spared the children of the faithful, "passing over" their families. By law and well-observed custom the men of the Jews were required to go to Jerusalem, offer sacrifices, eat unleavened bread, and for a week commemorate the feast. Women and children of sufficient age could also go. The journey from Nazareth to Jerusalem consumed three days, and was taken about April 1. Tens of thousands flocked to the Holy City from all parts of the East, and were distributed here and there in private and public places."

IV. The Temple.

We shall have occasion to refer to famous Jerusalem many times. A quick glance at the Temple must suffice now. The one that Jesus saw was the third built on the spot. From many shrines to one had the Jews made a principle, and on this Holy House they lavished undivided zeal. King Herod conciliated the Jews by restoring the old Temple, and Jesus beheld it approaching magnificent completion. Its total length was 922 feet. Within were 162 massive pillars. The nave was 45 feet broad and 100 feet high. The structure stood on the peak of Ophel, supported by towering masonry. The building was in three parts,—Porch, Holy Place, and Holy of Holies,—this latter being a sacred chamber, hidden from all light, entered but once a year by one man only,—the high priest. In this dark, vacant space no image or article was allowed, carrying out the Jewish belief that God must not be represented in any form materially.

Let us remember that the love and loyalty of the Jewish people turned to the Temple. The sacred tent, the ark, had been previous symbols of the God of Israel: King Solomon gave a more imposing token. To know the details of the building is not, by any means, the highest kind of information; but by and through such knowledge, obtained in the right way, we learn the soul of the subject, which in this case is the intense religious and race spirit of the Hebrew people.

V. Class Talks.

Do you think Jesus spoke coldly to his parents? it is not natural to expect Jesus would indicate his life desire? Who has painted pictures of this event? Was it all a religious observance, this "going up" to Jerusalem? How did the people in ancient times regard sacrifices? What church represents most of this sacrificial idea today? What did Jesus once say of the Temple and its fate? Do you find anywhere that he cared for the long services and superstitions? Has the "Lord's Supper" any resemblance to the passover? Was Jerusalem and the Temple to the Jews what Mecca is to Mohammedans, and Rome to the Roman Catholics? Have Protestants any similar place? Do the Jews expect to see the Temple restored?

VI Lesson Topics and Review.

I. The three great feasts.
II. Passover customs.
III. Read the account in Luke.
IV. Description of the Temple.
V. Priests.
VI. Sacrifices.
VII. Significance of the reply of Jesus.
VII. Suggestions to Teachers and References.

Draw out the reasonable character of the scene in the temple. Show how the spiritual meaning was aimed at in the ceremonies. Consult Edersheim "The Temple." Mention the effect of the loyalty of the Jews on their religious history. See Gannett's "The Boy in the Holy City." Make dull facts shine with inner meaning, as in the Temple descriptions.

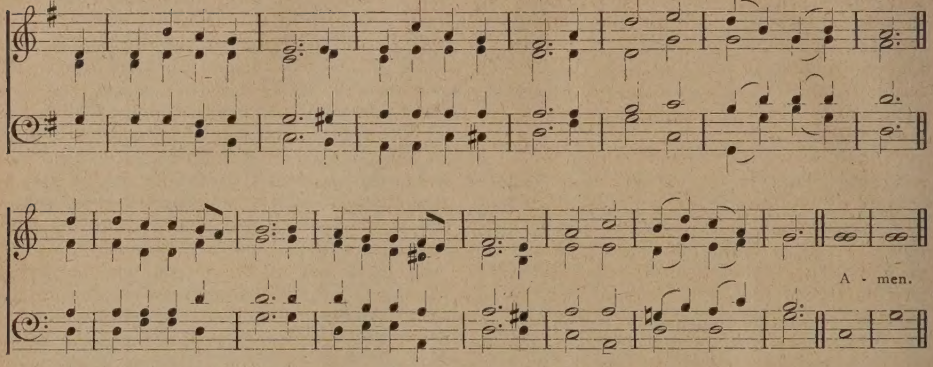
We may do
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,
Thus swift and steadfast, thus intent and strong;
While thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our Work
The better for the sweetness of our song.

G. B. Browning.

"O King of Glory Bright."

(From "The New Hymnal.")

Preston. 6 6 6.6.6.6 *Harmonized by* G.B.



1 O King of glory bright,
Thine angels clad in light
Praise Thee both day and night:
We too, of lowly birth,
Thy children here on earth,
Praise Thee with pious mirth.

2. O Lord enthroned above,
Thy great and gracious love
Our joy shall ever prove;
Thy love shall show the way,
And teach us all the day—
In all we do or say.

3. Where love is words are mild,
All strifes are reconciled,
All pain and toil beguiled;
Love makes the weakest strong,
Love makes our life a song,
Love never can be wrong.

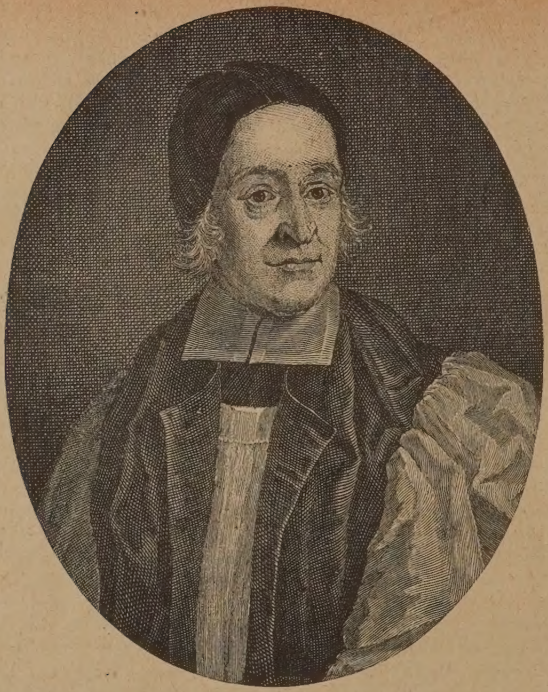
4 O God, our Father, dear,
Thy love be always near
To cast out every fear;
Our song we then shall raise,
And chant in sweetest lays
Love's everlasting praise.

J. Wood.

Brightening the Villages.

Whatever other means we may adopt for keeping people on the land, one which we can by no means afford to neglect is the general brightening of village life. Even with the cottage building difficulty ended, and plentiful allotments and small holdings for all who needed them, the rural exodus would continue where life in the villages is dull and uneventful. The late Lord Salisbury did not speak wholly in jest, or untruly, when he declared that village people "would rather have a circus" than a parish council. They would probably rather have a circus—or anything else offering equal possibilities for amusement—than many other things perhaps more desirable from a strictly utilitarian point of view. And to find the circus, or its equivalent, is not always easy, though much can be done where there is anybody to give the lead. A village social club or institute is the first and most obvious resort, and we are glad to see Lord Harrowby proclaiming the usefulness of the clubs in clear words. In opening a village institute at Sandon lately his lordship declared that he "should like to see a club started in every village," and that he "felt considerable responsibility" in bringing the young men on his estate into the place "without providing them with something to do in the evenings." Lord Harrowby, of course, is a model landlord, and there are probably not many who would follow the example of disinterestedness which

he has set in leaving Sandon Hall unoccupied and living quietly in a smaller house in Gloucestershire in order to be able, as he says, "to give every man in Sandon comfortable and sanitary quarters." We may add recreation, too, for the whole cost of the club premises and equipment is also borne by him. The Sandon club is an elaborate one, with lavatory, gymnasium, reading and billiard rooms, full-sized billiard table, cricket pitch at hand, and verandah which is to serve the purpose of pavilion. That is more than most villages could see their way to, at any rate all at once. But even though one may have first to creep and then go, it is well to make a start. A village social club on a small scale could generally be set on foot, and popular lectures on current and general topics—if illustrated so much the better—are not difficult to arrange where audiences are not exacting. There are generally a few musical people available, and where they can be induced to do their neighbours a good turn occasional concerts and light entertainments are always popular. A village flower show is a capital thing, and may give a new interest in life to the cottage gardener who knows he would stand no chance of distinction at a larger gathering. Then one has seen excellent results from the encouragement of minor handicrafts and hobbies, such as wood carving, needlework, and the like, especially where an occasional exhibition is held, and small prizes given for good work. And it is surprising to many how good some of the work really is. There is a fund of manual dexterity, good taste, and really artistic instincts hidden away among the humblest of villagers, and uncultivated until some effort of this kind is made to bring it to light and encourage its growth. What can be done—we do not say everywhere, but where the circumstances are favourable — is illustrated by the case of the Hildenborough dramatic performances, concerning which some of the London daily papers had a good deal to say lately. This little Kentish village, it seems, is fortunate in having several well-to-do residents who take a delight in brightening the lives of their poorer neighbours. It is also fortunate in possessing a number of good fellows in the humbler ranks of life who are ready to second any reasonable effort towards the attainment of such fulness of life as is ordinarily out of the reach of an English village. Two years ago a little dramatic company was formed as an offshoot of the Institute; the little drill hall of its Boys' Brigade was converted into a playhouse, and the first little drama was successfully performed. Hildenborough prides itself on employing only local talent in these productions. The authors are local men, the stage manager and scene painter, Mr. George Johnson, is a local resident, the musical director is the village organist, the business managers are the schoolmaster and a village grocer, and the stage carpenters are two local plumbers. As to the players, a list of their occupations brings vividly to mind that famous Athenian company of which Bottom the Weaver, Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joiner, and Snout the Tinker formed part. Of the Hildenborough actors the "star" is a crippled villager whose employment is that of a painter's labourer. Of the rest two are blacksmiths, two are under gardeners, one is a bicycle repairer, the others being a gardener, a groom, a gunpowder maker, a cricket-ball maker, a grocer's apprentice, and a harness-maker's apprentice. But the likeness between this cast and that of "the most lamentable comedy" produced in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" extends no further than the character of their workaday pursuits. There is nothing ludicrous about the Hildenborough performance, except that which is intended to be so. Indeed, what is being done here reminds us forcibly of Ober-Ammergau and its Passion play, where everything for that admirable performance is provided by the villagers themselves,—orchestra, chorus, scene-painting, costumes, stage management, acting—and no outsider is allowed to take any part whatever. We do not want to see a Passion play in England. We have neither the atmosphere nor the traditions which are needed to preserve such a performance from irreverence. But that every village should, like Ober-Ammergau, have its dramatic society consisting of the men and women of the community, capable of rendering good, healthy drama, is not at all beyond the bounds of possibility, and might in the long run be found to be productive of almost as much good as the village church or chapel.



Our Hymn Writers.

VIII.

Ken (1637-1711).

THOMAS KEN.

We have a few hymn writers who were not known otherwise to have any poetical faculty. Distinguished among these is Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who has given us two hymns which will have a place in the affections of the devout as long as the English language is a living tongue. They are the Morning and Evening Hymns of English Psalmody. Ken is only known to have written three hymns, one for morning, one for evening, and one for midnight. *Awake my soul and with the Sun*, and *Glory to Thee, my God, this night*, immediately won popular favour, and holds their own to-day in the midst of a crowd of competitors.

Ken was born at Berkhampstead, but having lost his parents at an early age, was brought up at Winchester, under the guardianship of his eldest sister and her husband, the famous Izaak Walton, author of the *Compleat Angler*. He was educated at Winchester School, then at New College, Oxford, and after taking orders, became chaplain to the Bishop of Winchester, prebendary of the Cathedral, and Fellow of Winchester School. For use of the boys there he prepared a *Manual of Prayers*. To this were afterwards added his morning, evening, and midnight hymns, which in their original form contained fourteen, twelve, and fourteen stanzas, each ending with the famous Doxology, *Praise God from Whom all blessings flow*.

When Charles II. visited Winchester Ken was requested to give up his house for the accommodation of Nell Gwynne. This he refused to do, but the King bore him no grudge.

THOMAS TALLIS.

Charles had already shown his regard for Ken's worth by appointing him chaplain to the Princess Mary, wife of William of Orange, and when the see of Bath and Wells fell vacant, he is reported to have said: "Where is the little man who wouldn't give poor Nelly a lodging? give it to him."

Another instance illustrative of the preacher's fearless honesty, and of the King's regard for him, is the saying attributed to Charles, that he would go and hear "little Ken tell him of his faults."

Ken, however, did not long retain his see. He offended James II. by refusing to read the Declaration of Indulgence, and William III. by refusing to take the oath of allegiance, as he had already sworn allegiance to James. For refusing to read the Declaration he was sent to the Tower, but released after trial. For refusing to take the oath on the accession of William and Mary, he was deprived of his bishopric. On the death of the bishop appointed in his room, Queen Anne desired to restore him to the see, but he preferred to remain in private life.

Dead to all else, alive to God alone,
Ken, the confessor meek, abandons power,
Palace, and mitre, and cathedral throne
(A shroud alone reserved), and in the bower
Of meditation hallows every hour.

For years Ken carried his shroud about with him, and put it on with his own hands when told by his physician he had but a few hours to live.

Though Ken lived in days when it was difficult to act a consistent part, he so bore himself that even contemporaries would probably have subscribed to Macaulay's tribute that his character approached "as near as human infirmity permits to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue."

Thomas Tallis.

The name of Thomas Tallis has become associated with that of Ken, through the expressive tune which was taken from his music for the Evening Hymn—a tune which for generations was sorely mangled in our chapels and churches by twists and twirls, and slurs and grace notes, until, in some cases, it was difficult to recognise the original melody. Tallis is known as the father of English cathedral music, and was born in the early part of the 16th century. The tune adapted for the Evening Hymn was one of eight which he wrote for Day's Psalter published in 1560. It is a canon, two in one; that is, a piece of imitative music in which the melody is repeated note for note and interval for interval by some other voice, beginning a few beats later, and thus, as it were, running after the leader. In this case the melody is repeated by the tenor voice at the distance of four beats and an octave lower. Another popular example of the canon may be found in Byrd's well-known "Non Nobis Domine."

Notes of Guild Addresses.

FROM THE POETS.

Four Characters from Shakespere.

Introductory.

Shakespere's conception of what a man ought to be was not unlike that of Wordsworth in his character of the happy warrior,—

Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim.

Goodness, to be worthy of the name, must be active and efficient. A merely harmless man or a well-meaning man whose good intentions come to nothing will not satisfy Shakespere's demand; he must be able to keep clear before his mind the difference between right and wrong, to see his own duty plain before him, and in spite of all obstacles from within or from without, to do it. In the great tragedies of his best period Shakespeare presents this ideal by the method which is called negative determination,—that is he gives a series of life studies each of which shows one way of *failing* to maintain the character of true, efficient goodness.

1. Brutus in "Julius Cæsar."

This is the man who is so intent on saving his own soul that he loses it. His virtue is a kind of self-love. He never does a good deed because that deed ought to be done, or a kind deed because the object of it is in need of kindness; he does these things because it is becoming to Brutus to practise such virtue. All his interest and all his effort are given to the cultivation of his own character. Brutus must not be the sport of passion: therefore every passion must as far as possible be destroyed, and that which remains must never be expressed or betrayed. Brutus must be guided by reason: therefore it is necessary for him, before he does anything whatever, to have a series of good reasons for it all perfectly arranged in his mind. He imagines that he is cultivating in himself the highest human wisdom; he is wrong, for the highest wisdom is based not on self-love but on love for others. One effect of this self-discipline is to put him out of sympathy with ordinary men who are influenced by all manner of emotions and sentiments, loves and repulsions; for lack of sympathy with them he fails to understand them, and his great enterprise comes to ruin through his ignorance of men.

[Illustrations.—Act 1, Scene 2. Cassius the coarse-grained, practical man, twists Brutus round his finger, is surprised at his own success, and, when Brutus is gone, sneers at him for being so easy to manage.—Act 2, Scene 1. It is now settled that Cæsar is to be slain. Cassius is going about collecting conspirators, Brutus at home is arranging reasons.—Act 3, Scene 1. "I will myself into the pulpit first, And show the reason of our Cæsar's death." Brutus actually thinks that the crowd will be satisfied and won over, and Anthony checkmated, by the correct logical reasons which he will lay before them.—Act 4, Scene 3, line 196. The choice of Philippi as a battlefield: another instance of Brutus' ignorance of men.—Act 5. In the first scene he gives some theoretical reasons against suicide, in the fifth scene he kills himself. So that even his own rule of life, after leading a great cause to ruin, breaks down miserably itself. His virtue, being based on self-love, cannot endure the threat of personal humiliation.]

II. Hamlet.

Hamlet is tainted with the same disease as Brutus, but in a less gross and more subtle way. Like Brutus, he is a scholar, a thinker, a man of taste. His intellectual nature is sound, more sound indeed than that of Brutus, because Hamlet does not distrust his own emotions. He loves lovely things, and hates what is odious, simply and freely; he is brave, capable of high and passionate ideals, dominated by his love for his father. His will is strong, capable of due control over his own passions, maintaining a stout defiance of the King and his satellites, and of the superficial worldliness of their court.—You remember Dr. Everett Hale's motto?—

"To look up, and not down,
To look forward, and not back,
To look out, and not in,
And to lend a hand."

Hamlet's failure lay in a neglect of the third line. He looked *in*, too much. He did not look *out* enough. In so far as he did look out, that is to say, when he was under the sway of an emotion which took him outside himself, he acted easily, promptly, and aright. But partly through physical laziness, partly through the indulgence of a natural propensity to self analysis, he had got into the way of regarding life and duty not as practical matters to be lived and done, but rather as problems of purely intellectual interest, to be considered and solved. For lack of use, the bridge beween intellectual decision and actual doing, broke down. To a well balanced soul the work of finding out what ought to be done, is merely preliminary, the main thing is to do it, but as soon as Hamlet had worked out within his own mind what he ought to do, a feeling of elation and satisfaction came over him as if the whole business were completed, and he had no impulse left to carry him on to the actual deed. This man is placed in a position in which one great deed is called for. Again and again he reviews the circumstances, decides once more upon the right line of action—and there stops! The misery of it was that he was quite conscious of his own weakness, and fell deeper into self contempt with every failure. At last, when his inaction has brought death and ruin upon his friends and himself, he is carried into performance of his duty, not by his cherished reasons, but by a great wave of sudden passion.

[Illustrations:—Every speech of Hamlet throughout the play, throws light on his character. For the elation which comes upon him after a decision and takes the place of resolution, see for instance Act 3, Sc. 2, after the flight of the King. For the self knowledge which led to self comtempt, see the long speech at the end of Act 2.]

Jowett on "Old Age."

"He wonders how he ever escaped from the temptations of youth, and is sometimes inclined to think that the Providence which watches over children and drunken people must have had a special care of him. He may have been guilty too of some meannesses or sins which are concealed from his fellow-men; he is thankful that they are known to God only. He is not greatly troubled at the remembrance of them, if he have been delivered from them, but much more at the unprofitableness of his whole life. Before he departs he has some things to say to his children or to his friends. He will tell them that he now sees this world in different proportions, and that what was once greatly valued by him now seems no longer of importance. . . . . He would like to warn younger persons against some of the mistakes which he had himself made. He would tell them that no man in later life rejoiced in the remembrance of a quarrel. . . . A sharp thrill of pain might sometimes pierce his heart when he remembered any irremediable wrong of which he had been the author, or when he recalled any unkind word. . . . . He need not disclose his fault to men, but neither will he disguise it from himself; least of all, if he have repented of the sin and is no longer the servant of it, should his conscience be overpowered by the remembrance of it. For sin too, like sorrow, is healed by time; and he who is really delivered from its bondage need not fear lest God should create it anew in him that He may inflict punishment upon him. . . . . Once more, when a man is drawing towards the end, he will be apt to think of the blessings of friendship and of family life. He has done so little for others and received so much from them. . . . . He would see, as Baxter saw in his old age, that all other things come to an end, but that of the love of God and man there is no end. He would not raise questions about the rites of the Church, or the canonicity of the books of Scripture: these belong to criticism and ecclesiastical history, not to the spiritual life. He would seek for the permanent and essential only in the books of Scripture, in the lives of good men, in the religion of the world. To follow Christ, to speak the truth in love, to do to others as you would they should do to you, these are the eternal elements of religion which can never pass away, and he who lives in these lives in God."

The Distant Home.

Oh! home of ours, oh! home so pure,
With what foretasting of delight,
We dwell upon the promise sure
That after faith at last comes sight.

Oh! land of light, oh! land of love,
Out of the darkness made by sin,
The weary wastes in which we rove,
Open thy gates and take us in.

Thou home prepared, we have no words,
Language of earth is all too weak,
The wisest utterance it affords
Seems almost treason when we speak.

Land far away, we long in vain
To burst the trammels of our speech,
And, in one glorious living strain,
The rapture of thy bliss to teach.

Oh! home so bright, for which we yearn,
These dumb lips, touched by cleansing fire,
The long-sought melody shall learn
In words of heaven from thy blest choir.

MARY STEADMAN ALDIS.

Notes and Jottings.

WHATEVER our personal attitude may be towards the Revival in Wales, it is undoubtedly a significant religious fact; but it is not easy to speak in the same terms of the Torry-Alexander Mission, which is booming its noisy way at present in London. The one has sprung out of the heart of the people, and is the genuine utterance of their own emotion. The other has been organised in order to create an impression. Through it all the clanking of the machinery is heard too clearly; and there is an uncomfortable suspicion in many minds that the drilling and advertising have as much to do with its success as the spiritual gifts of the missioner. Be that as it may, Dr. Torrey is adopting methods which are likely in the long run to produce more scepticism than faith. His message is conveyed through the crudest theology, and apparently he makes the theology not merely the accidental vehicle of his gospel but part of its essential truth; while he poses before the world as the champion of Biblical infallibility in a form which has become almost grotesque for intelligent Christian people.

These features make it necessary for many men to stand aside from the movement, who are really anxious to throw themselves into all common religious work. Probably several well-known Nonconformist ministers have given an unwilling countenance to it, lest their refusal should be misunderstood, or they should seem to be wanting in evangelistic zeal. But we honour those who have not allowed themselves to be swept off their feet or to give even an appearance of approval to things which they repudiate cordially in their hearts. A popular reaction in the direction of materialism in theology cannot do the work of true religion, and we do not envy the man who earns a little short-lived popularity by being its leader. Fortunately there are other forces at work in English Christianity, which are more in accord with the spirit of the New Testament, its quietness and spiritual depth and soundness of mind.

The *Christian World* published recently an illustrated supplement describing the work which is carried on at Whitfield's Tabernacle under the able leadership of Mr. Silvester Horne. Everything is organised admirably, and is carried on with indomitable energy. Evidently the lines which have been adopted are the right ones for the population of Tottenham Court Road. The social and religious needs of the neighbourhood have been felt and supplied. Next to personal leadership the success is due to freedom from cramping traditions and a bold acceptance of the human facts of the situations. This shows at once how useless it would be simply to copy the Whitfield experiment, for its particular local circumstances could be reproduced probably nowhere else. But its splendid combination of religious earnestness with all forms of needful social service would bring the energy of fresh life to many a half-empty chapel, if only we had sufficient faith and enterprise and generosity to make the best of our opportunities. The men who are fit to be leaders in this kind of work are not common. They

Sunday School Children's Fund

IN AID OF

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL,

BIRMINGHAM.

The Twenty-sixth **ANNUAL COLLECTIONS** will be made in the Sunday Schools of Birmingham and the neighbourhood, on ***Sunday, March 26th, 1905***.

The kind co-operation of the Clergy, Ministers, and Superintendents of Sunday Schools is earnestly requested, so that as far as possible, the Collections may be made simultaneously. It is desirable that an early announcement of the intended Collection should be made in every School.

The Committee's Appeal and a supply of Circulars, for distribution among the Scholars on the Sunday preceding the Collection, will shortly be forwarded to the Secretary or other official of each Sunday School.

WALTER CHARLTON,

Secretary.

5, WATERLOO STREET,

BIRMINGHAM.

No. OF PATIENTS.

In-Patients ...	898	Out-Patients ...	15 133
Accidents ,,,	211	Total	16 242

must be unusually able and alive to their finger-tips; and when we have found them we must be careful not to kill them with criticism.

It is often the quiet under-currents of religious thought which have most significance. If we are not mistaken, there is a growing tendency to regard the traditional creeds of Christendom with less deference, as final statements of truth, than was formerly the case. It is not a little surprising that Protestantism has been so slow to recognise that the creeds, which are the real sponsors for a great deal of popular orthodoxy, derive their authority from a Catholic theory of the Church. Since the time of the Reformation they have been allowed to stand side by side with Scripture as a final court of appeal. But gradually men are coming to see that apart from a belief in the infallibility of councils they are simply venerable human documents. Possibly they enshrine the best thought of the time when they were composed, but they cannot claim exemption from criticism on that account. Still less have they any right to pose as the final and only authoritative statements of divine Truth. Men long ago explained the meaning of the Christian Revelation in terms of their best thought and clearest vision. We to-day must do the same. As soon as this new attitude towards the creeds is recognised at all generally theology will be reborn. It will escape from its long bondage to fruitless dialetic, and once again it will enlist the highest intellectual power in its service.

Considerable attention has been paid lately to the New Sayings of Jesus. Those who are anxious for information should purchase the special issue of the Egypt Exploration Fund, which contains them. It is published by Mr. Henry Frowde, and the price is one shilling. Probably most readers will be disappointed. The sayings are so fragmentary, and they contain nothing which seems to enrich the Gospel teaching in any way. In fact, the scanty novel features arouse suspicions of later and possibly local influence, and we find it hard to accept them as genuine. The real value of this small fragment of papyrus, as well as of the earlier one which was disciphered and published in 1897, is of an entirely different kind. It proves that early collections of the sayings of our Lord really existed, as New Testament scholars, relying upon probable conjecture, have supposed. It has supplied us also with our earliest example of Christian writing, with the possible exception of a few undated inscriptions. This fragile fragment of papyrus, belonging probably to the middle of the third century, has the unique interest that it is more like the original autographs of the New Testament than anything else we possess. It was on similar material and just in this fashion that the letters of St. Paul must have been written. May not some Christian writing belonging to the first days be awaiting the happy explorer in the Egyptian sand? The mere suggestion is enough to make us wonder and dream; for it is possible, and any day may bring news of the discovery.

We would see Jesus.

I remember a face I saw in the cathedral in Cologne, done on a panel, the verger said in the fifth century of our era. It was a face of Jesus, dim now with age, woe-worn and shorn of strength or beauty, so that the thing touched me with dismay; and I said in my heart, This may have been the ideal of his face in the closing scenes of the great tragedy, but I would like to find another portait of him in the earlier years, as he appears in our Gospels, before the shadows of the cross and passion began to touch his soul—the man so radiant, so strong, and, when the need came, so masterful, yet so tender withal, and sweet. This seems to be only the man the prophet saw in his vision, and said, "He shall grow up as a root out of a dry ground, with no form nor comeliness in him; and, when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." I cannot be content with this likeness alone of one who seems to be dying of a wasting sickness or those eyes looking out on a world he has done with for ever; for, of all the sons of God, he stands first to my own vision as the perfect man and the instance of whatever is noblest and finest in our human form and presence.

Indeed, I have heard since then of a fresco found in an old chapel underground, not far from Rome, which holds another likeness, as the devout heart saw him in the mirror of, it may be, an earlier tradition,—a man of a strong presence and a noble stature, a born king of men, a face on which there was no blemish and with a ruddy bloom on a ground color, like ripe wheat. This must be the youth and the man, I said, of the earlier years, and in the home where, as the Third Gospel tells us, "the child waxed strong in spirit and stature and in favor both with God and man." A child there in the home, running free in the spring-time and the summer, drinking in the delight of the brave, new world, while laughter breaks forth from the wells in his heart; gathering the lilies in the meadows, and listening to the birds, or playing with his mates in the market-place,—a memory he touches in one of his monologues years after with so fine a felicity; blooming forth from childhood to youth, while the neighbours cannot remember he ever went to school, even to learn his letters. And this may be true; but it must be also true that he learned his lessons from the great mother, Nature, and the simple human life in which he was born and reared to his manhood, that he was to hide in the parables; watching the house-mother, in the home, making the bread and mending the garments, and the poor woman — no doubt a neighbour—seeking the mite of silver, sweeping the earthen floor so carefully that she may find it; watching the careful old father store his wine in the autumn, the shepherd bring home the one lost sheep, the ploughman draw the clean, fair furrow,—not looking backward, but only forward,—and the hen gather her chickens under her wings, with her cry of alarm while the hawk was but a speck in the blue above.

These things, and more besdes than I have time to name, must have been stored among the lessons he learned as the boy and the youth bloomed forth from the child, waxing strong in spirit and stature, and in favor both with God and man, with the mother to watch over him and the father in due time to teach him his own craft of carpenter and builder; and so, if it is true that he never learned his letters, this is also true, as our own good poet sings, that

"The spirit that from God is made,
The noblest of its kind,
Asks not the help of rules that serve
To guide the feebler mind.

"It soars, however far its flight,
Right onward, safe and free,
And all that schools and books can teach
In its own soul can see."

Nor can I feel quite content again with Holman Hunt's noble picture, in which the young carpenter stands in the workshop when his day's work is done, stretching out those tired arms that in the sunset make the shadow of a cross on the floor, if the artist would have us imagine the shadow had already touched him as the penumbra of his doom. The shadow must lie far away when he stands there ready to go forth on his holy mission at the call from on high. It is the son of man who, so far as we can touch the secret of the thirty years, had known no sickness or wasting in the spring of his life; the son of man and of God who loved the Father's world, and saw his hand in the cup of the lily, growing by his grace at its own sweet will, and in the bird on the wing up there among the green arches or fallen dead on the ground. There is no woe or wasting then and there like that I saw on the old panel. His human nature and life is attuned to a perfect harmony, as I think of him and see him. Nor can I think of a time apart from what will befall when the glory and beauty of the world will pale for him, and his love for it will sink down to some meaner level,—this young man who of all men was one with the sunshine and the shadow as alike from God, with nature and life, with wholesome men and women and little children,—or a time when the sun will shine no more for him with the old splendour or the lilies be as lovely as they are in his Sermon on the Mount, when the happy noises of life will jar on his ears and heart, and all the good things of God become subject to the discount which comes to so many with their life at ebb-tide. This is the Jesus I love to look on as he stands ready to answer Here! at the call of the Most High.

ROBERT COLLYER.

Astronomical Notes for March.

Two brilliant planets, Venus and Jupiter, have been conspicuous in the south-west for many weeks, Venus being the brighter of the two. They have been drawing nearer to each other all that time, and on March 8th they will be in conjunction—that is, apparently near together, though of course really separated by many millions of miles, Jupiter being, in fact, nearly *behind* Venus, as seen from the earth. On the following evening, March 9th, the two planets and the crescent moon will all be near together, and will be a beautiful sight if the weather is favourable. Venus is at her greatest brilliancy on March 21st, on which day she sets about half-past ten. Mercury will be visible in the west at the very end of the month, soon after sunset, but not so favourably as in April.

Guild News.

Platt Chapel Temperance Guild.—On Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, the Annual Meeting of the Guild was held, and a very satisfactory year's work was recorded. A dramatic entertainment was afterwards given by Miss Christopher, Miss Wallworth, and Miss D. Hadfield.

On the 15th instant the Rev. W. Burgess gave a most interesting lecture, entitled: "In and About our Old Chapels," with slides illustrating the old Chapels of Lancashire and Cheshire.

Prize Essay.—These in accordance with the scheme, should be sent in to the Rev. Gordon Cooper, B.A., Mansford Street Mission, Bethnal Green, London, E., by not later than Mar. 31st. Each essay must have prefixed a motto, and the same motto, with the name, age, and address of the writer, must be sent in a separate letter. The letter should also contain the name of the Guild of which the writer is a member

GUILD MOTTOES.

"1. Begin each day with the 'upward look.' You will see God in the sky, or upon the mountain-tops, or in the Christ-life, or in 'the love of those whom we love best.'

"2. Close each day with the 'inward look,' for God is there, waiting to forgive and to give.'

"3. Remember this word by Robert Louis Stevenson: 'The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.'

"4. Make life worth living by living it worthily."

"Let patience have her perfect work," and bring forth celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your little thread into a web, though the pattern show not yet.—George Macdonald.

The soul that ascendeth to worship the great God is plain and true; has no rose colours, no fine friends, no chivalry, no adventures; does not want admiration; dwells in the hour that now is, in the earnest experience of the common day. —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

News from the Field.

Changes in our Ministerial arrangements are still numerous among us. They are to be taken not so much as tokens of unrest and disaffection, as of active minds seeking spheres in which they can be growingly useful, and so are proofs of a living activity, out of which we may look for beneficial results.

We observe the resignations of the *Rev. W. H. Burgess* of *Accrington*, of the *Rev. S. G. Brettell* of *Maidstone*, and of the *Rev. C. E. Pike* of *Newport*. In all these cases we expect there is a readiness to take up other positions of useful work, as soon as suitable openings can be found.

The *Rev. H. D. Roberts* has been unanimously invited to succeed our late friend *R. A. Armstrong* at *Hope Street*, Liverpool, an invitation well deserved, and gracefully accepted. We have confidence that *Mr. Roberts* will keep up the great traditions of the Church—traditions of breadth of thought, reverence of spirit, and profound devotion to the service of humanity in the Love of God.

The *Rev. D. Davis*, late of *Blackpool*, has been cordially welcomed into his new ministry at *Nantwich*.

Mr. W. G. Topping has been invited to succeed the late *Rev. H. Mc Kean* at *Oldbury*, and *Rev. H. Cross* of *Stockton* is going into *Yorkshire* to work in connection with the Rev. J. Ellis in the Missionary enterprises carried on in that great county.

The *Rev. John Howard* has gone to reside at *Shrewsbury* where his daughter has entered upon her work as Lay Helper to the *Rev. J. C. Street*. Various tokens of respectful appreciation of *Mr. and Miss Howard* were presented to them on leaving *Tamworth*.

The *Middlesborough* congregation has renewed its arrangement with *Mr. Lambelle* who will continue in the Ministry of the Congregation for two years longer. The bonds of affection between

Minister and Congregation are strong, and it is well they should not be broken.

Other changes there have been, no doubt, during the month that has just closed, but the details have not reached us—we may tell of them hereafter.

A splendid work of Art—said to be one of the finest in the Country—a Memorial Window, has been put into the Church at *Bradford* by the widow of the late *Dr. Geo. Vance Smith* in memory of her honoured and distinguished husband, whose services to Biblical Scholarship, and to Theology have been so great, and who commenced his Ministry in our Free Churches at *Bradford*. The tribute to the great work of the learned Doctor is well-deserved, and it will be treasured, not merely by the Congregation at *Bradford*, but by all who appreciate good work, nobly done, by a moderate and learned man, whose whole life was given up to patient study and strenuous service for the good of his fellow men.

A new effort in advance has been made at *Ansdell* and *Lytham* by *Mr. C. E. Grundy*, assisted by the *Rev. R. McGee* of *Blackpool*, to form a new Congregation for the scattered Unitarians and Free Thinkers of the district, and a very happy and promising beginning has been made, which we trust will result in the establishment of another branch of the Free Church of God.

The *British and Foreign Unitarian Association* has given a welcome to the *Rev. C. Hargrove* on his return from his world-wide tour. Those who were present constituted but a small portion of the friends of *Mr. Hargrove*, who are glad of his safe return, grateful for the services he has rendered, and hopeful that he will take up his work at home with renewed energy and increasing success.

Our *Home Missionary College Friends* are in high spirits because they have already raised nearly £13,000 towards the £20,000 they need to complete their great scheme for the establishment of their new Hall of residence, and the placing of it on a sound financial basis. There is no doubt that the whole amount will be speedily raised. There is great enthusiasm among its promoters, and the new President, the *Rev. C. C. Cox*, means to see the good work completed during the term of his year of office.

The *Yorkshire Lay Preachers* have been holding their Annual Meeting at *Sheffield*. They are an earnest body of men, and are doing good work in the great County. It would be a good thing if the scattered Lay Preachers of the Country were federated into a union, and met from time to time to compare notes and record experiences. Much good would accrue, and new workers in the promising field would be obtained.

We note, with pleasure, the progress of the Ministers Sustentation Fund, and hope it may grow in substance, and enlarge its usefulness among our weak Congregations, and ill-paid Ministers.

It is contemplated holding People's Services at *Stratford* in London, and these are to be followed up by a concentrated effort to upbuild a Free Church. All such efforts are watched with great attention by the friends of Free and Reverent Thoughts.

Progress is reported by the friends at *Crewe*. They have passed through a period of difficulty and depression, but are emerging therefrom triumphantly. We rejoice with them.

Professor Carpenter has been lecturing at *Hull*. Large audiences have heard him. The Mayor was to have taken the Chair one night, but Theological prejudice was too strong, and he dare not face the position. His was the loss. The people came, the lecture was delivered, and was highly appreciated, and nobody but the Mayor was hurt by his absence from the meeting. Prejudice still dies hard.

"Do we believe?" has been the enquiry in the Newspapers; many have been the answers. Evidently large numbers do not believe in the old Theology. Dr. Torry will find a growing number who repudiate the old-world confession of faith which he had made. It is difficult to put back the fingers of the Clock of Time. But the "Bishops" have hurried to the front to declare that they are believers. Many have avowed their acceptance of all the traditional Theology, and yet people are sceptical and take the new confessions, not with a grain, but with a mountain of salt. What a state of things we have reached, when the successors to the Apostles are publicly challenged as to their belief, and they feel it necessary to repeat their Catechism. The world still moves.

Two notable losses have occured in our Communion—one in *England*, and one in *Hungary*. *J. Cogan Conway*, of *Ringwood*, in the plentitude of his powers, has suddenly passed away. He has done good work. Many Ministers among us will hold him in grateful remembrance, and large numbers of our laity will feel that one of their trusted leaders has gone from them. Mr. Conway combined the positions of a Country Squire, and the Ministry of a quiet Church. His was a useful and devoted life. And *Professor Kovacs* of *Koloszvar*, has just closed a distinguished career among our *Hungarian* brethren. He kept in close touch with English thought and life; and was one of the strong links of connection between *English* and *Hungarian* religious life. Our brethren have entered the larger life; leaving a good record behind them, and reaching out towards diviner realities.

Feb. 16, 1905. SCRUTATOR.

THE TEMPLAR PRESS, 168, EDMUND STREET, BIRMINGHAM.